

Then learned to skip and dance,
With red curls bouncing up and down,
You brought us joy, our Nance.

Pollution? Learning how to sew
And cook and clean, and love,
Pollution, learning how to pray
And live like God above?

Pollution? Waiting for true love
(Sure Satan's love is "free"),
But chastity for one's true mate,
"Someday he'll come to me."

Two years at Snow—he wasn't there,
You looked 'em over well,
But you made friends and you won hearts
Like sisters May and Bell.

Still on that quest you went to State
To have a look for him,
(Your Grandma came across the sea)
I'm glad girls have that whim.

And when you found him you just knew,
Your soul lit up with love,
And we all saw and understood
That this was from above.

And even little Brian saw
And as you closed the door
Said, "'Mama, Ancy's boof-i-tul,"
He hadn't seen before.

Dear Nance and Geary, on this day
As Temple vows were made
We were attuned to your sweet love,
God bless! Be not afraid.

Love,
G. & G.

OUR "EXCUSE"
FROM GLEN HUNTER'S WEDDING
AUGUST 25, 1974

Mesa, Arizona

Dear Glen and Rebecca:

We just don't "eat miles up" like Ace,
We live at a much slower pace,
But we send you our love
From these regions above,
And a wee little token by "Lace."

After sending this excuse we repented and had a very
wonderful trip with Donna, Wally and Norma Jean. We
went by way of Fillmore Hospital and saw Roy, a restless
ulcer patient. Coming back we went to Prescott and picked
up a delightful (1) friend of Don's for a very pleasant ride
home.

(1) This friend is known as Montana and Dad wrote a poem
to her that is entitled Dear Montana, and is included in this
volume.

ROY AND LINDA'S WEDDING
OCTOBER 4, 1973

In the temple a bride lost her train,
Her Mom hid it quick from her swain,
Brother Lewis said, "'Dear,
You and Mom fix your gear,
Then come back and we'll try it again.'"

LOVE AND BEST WISHES TO
MARK IN THE HEBER HOSPITAL
JUNE 12, 1971

When man makes great success in life
They say, "'He's made his mark!'"
But when he falls most miserably
He gets a big black mark.

My sister, Donna, when a kid

Fretted from dawn to dark,
For 'most a third of her cute chin
Displayed a brown "birth mark."

A man or kid in Germany
Works hard in store or park,
And when he gets his blessed pay
They hand to him a mark.

A naughty man or naughty kid
On walls and after dark
Scratches, or writes things, good and bad,
He's guilty of a mark.

Our grocer, every other day
Boosts prices in an arc;
We buy, because we have to eat,
But kick, "Why raise the mark?"

When you get in the army camp
You'll hear the sergeant bark,
"Hey, Olpin! On that other foot!
Mark time, you dummie, Mark!"

Dear kid, we miss your smiling face,
Your singing like a lark,
As you mow grass and spade and eat,
And watch TV, dear Mark.

Your Eagle badge just weeks away,
For merit badge please hark,
We'll give you one for teasing girls!
God bless you, Grandson Mark.

BETH'S SHOWER
FEBRUARY 24, 1941

(Read by Mary)

A is for the A's she got in college,
B is Beth, the subject of our theme,
C is Church, her source of secret knowledge,
D is Dream, that's what he called her, "Dream."

E is Envy that he'll have for bachelors,
F she Fooled him, that makes him a fool,
G is Goodness, goodness she has goodness,
H is Him, boy! He's just starting school.

I is Ine, her little, cute grandmother,
J is Jitterbug, Beth's other lad,
For K, a Kiss, she went to California,
For Lacy L and L LeGrande, her Dad.

Her father, great in love and loyal kindness,
A super clerk to city and his ward,
Her mother's selfless years of true devotion
To children, friends, her husband and her Lord.

M's measley Meanness, Beth has never had it,
N's Norman, No, it's "Sweetie Pie," we heard,
O's Olpin, low brow family of her mother,
P's Patience, Beth's personified the word.

Q's Quiet, why our Beth is even bashful,
R's Recommend, a thing she had forgot,
S stands for Mrs. Stott, I mean the new one,
T's Temple, could her entrance there be bought?

Unlucky U is surely not Beth's fortune,
And Virtue V has always been her goal
She said so when she went to ask her Bishop,
So West gave in, have pity on his soul.

X stands for the number of their babies,
Y is Yes, she said it ere he asked,
Z's so hard I do not know the answer,
Unless Zion's soon growing very fast.

And now, dear Beth, you've always made us love you,
All children seem to gravitate your way,
That yours might be a choice and blessed union,
And last forever, we now humbly pray.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1972

Jeanne (age 9) came over after supper to check on us after we had had a surprise week of living without supplies.

Little Jeanne came over tonight
To see how her grandparents fared
From a week of "starvation and want"
That our Bishop imposed, also shared.

She'd seen our luscious meals thru the week,
She had heard Grandma Olpin say, "No"
To choice offers from "over the line,"
But she really just wanted to know.

"Well, for breakfast we have enough milk,
And the eggs, about ten," Grandma said.
Jeanne quickly looked into the frig
And took inventory and said,

"Why, there's milk for both breakfast and lunch,
Good you mixed it with dry and with canned,
And eight eggs, and butter and bread
And brown sugar and chicken. Good land!"

"Little Jeanne, I'm sure we could go
For some weeks or more without need,
We have honey and flour and beans,
Wheat, rice, peas and sunflower seed.

"In the locker is deer meat we love,
Beef and turkey and maybe a hen,
In the cans we have venison choice,
That church "Mulligan Stew," yes, and then

"All those pineapple cans are a treat,
(Remember the fun as we canned?)
And Grandma's choice bottles of fruit;
Our storage is small, but it's grand!"

But, our Bishop's "trial run" taught us much,
We must heed what our leaders have said,
We must "order our house" in advance,
Then pray hardships pass over our head.

JUNE 1972

While hoeing petunias just now,
Thought absorbed, with a deep furrowed brow,
I hacked out two "weeds"
And now my heart bleeds,
"Little Jeff must not know," that's a vow.

Then I planted two more, what a sham!
I feel like a heel and a ham,
I hope they'll grow tall,
We'll enjoy them, "we-all!"
Then we'll "fess up" to Jeffery, the man.

OCTOBER 1, 1970

(To Jay at age 2):

Your mother wishes you'd miss "year two,"
She thinks she's quite a sage.
Congratulations! All year through
On this, your cutest age.

NOVEMBER 1969

(Written to Grandma when she stayed in Salt Lake with June and Hardy to help out when Jeff was born.)

This house, it is too big
From door to door to bed,
It used to be serene
But now it feels like—dead.

The hearth, it wants no fire
The dishes are "Priest" clean,

The hard-boiled eggs slime from their shells,
The cocoa mix is lean.

I make my daily bed
It looks like waves at sea,
So when that kid can walk
There's room back here with me.

Now Shirley makes good meals
And Ine is gracious, too,
But when young Jeff has cut his teeth
Your job is waiting you.

I know you'll still be boss,
"Lord nurse" and "Lord Swede,"
I'll twice your pay again,
What more could woman need?

JANUARY 1973

(To Joel at birth, when Mom and Dad were staying with
June and Hardy in Denver.)

New Zealand June was right in tune
When she was only one,
Along came Andy and he was handy,
That's two, and things begun ...

Those Swedes made hay and they got Jay,
He made the number three,
Then sent for Jeff all in a breath,
And four was here you see.

It wasn't fair with boys to spare
So mother called for Jill,
And Jill made five, and sakes alive
You'd think they had their fill!

But then young Joel got on the roll,
Already pretty crowded,
And it was Heaven with lucky (1) seven,

And all of us were prouDED.

(1) You know, I always had trouble with figures, and I didn't
know until after this was given to June that I had
miscounted. Then neither of us wanted to change it.

OUR OLD PET FROG AUGUST 26, 1974

(Recently little Dorothy, 9, made a very clever, well-shaped
frog out of calico, blue-flowered, with a seat of white on
which is lettered, "To Grandma and Grandpa Olpin with
love." Also on that seat are crowded the names of the eleven
Loertscher kids. Mom says that if Violet has lost any
treasures, they may well be inside Mr. Frog.)

Our old pet frog sits on the floor
And dreams about a log
Half-sunken in a lily pond
With moss and rot and fog,

With fireflies, and frogs to croak,
And bugs to catch and swallow,
And water holes to hop and splash,
And pasty mud to wallow.

He wonders if his "big barn door"
All "writ" with notes of love
Is buttoned up and proper like
For nosey eyes above.

And if those big bow-legs will hop,
And they don't close that door,
I'll find that pond down Midway Lane
And live there evermore.

From,
G. & G.

AUGUST 27, 1974

Dear Little Tammy:

We love your letter, every word,
They sounded like our Tammy,
We love your special birthday plans,
(They sounded like your Mammy.)

That two-day slumber deal seemed short,
That dinner, and Lagoon,
And driving all the kids around
Real late that afternoon.

We guess it's good you and your ma
Have dear Old Doctor Snell
To hold you down and pay your bills,
And keep you safe and well.

We'll save your letter, keep your plans,
And when your little girl
Is ten years old we'll give them back,
They'll be a "precious pearl."

Happy Birthday,
We Love you,
G. & G.

[This poem was in Dad's materials, but was not complete.
He was apparently working on this for Guy and Loretta
Coleman at the time of their wedding. We decided to put it
in this volume as it was.]

A man-seeking girl from the Pelican State
Looked 'em over and over and over,
She wanted a Mormon, a temple-bound boy,
And she wasn't just looking for clover.

She wanted him clean and she wanted him keen,
So she prayed, and came up to the "Y,"
There she sifted the men, once, then over again
'Till the one that was left was our Guy.

Now he was in love, with a love that was love,
Every sport that was live or TV,
so she worked at great odds, at the half she'd get nods,
And between games, "You're beautiful! Gee!"

This cold time in winter, through fog and through drifts,
You turned to the Lord on your knees,
And you turned to His servant, and God heard your prayers,
And gave answer to all of our pleas.

Dear Guy and Loretta, when one day the Lord ...

WHO IS "THE PRODIGAL"

The "pot of gold" we're seeking for
May well be in our head!
It's not in hills or rainbow ends,
In banks, or stores, instead

Most find it in monotony
Of humble, daily toils,
And through anticipation
Enjoy their future spoils.

Gold, like Celestial Glory
If handed us today,
Might be the "pearl" cast to the swine,
It's just no good that way.

The "Prodigal" once tried it,
It wasn't even sweet,
It left a filthy tint and taste
And knelt him at the feet

Of sweet, forgiving father;
Christ's story had no aim
Unless it teaches you and me
That we should do the same.